

HINTON'S FURNITURE STOCK

Is the largest, newest
and best assorted. The
range of

LOW PRICES

makes it possible to
supply the wants of
any buyer.

The New Spring Designs

are now ready for in-
spection.

J. T. Hinton.

Jas. S. Wilson & Bro.

Bank Row, North Side
Court House.

Vehicle Talk:

There is not a more complete or handsomer stock of vehicles of every description in Kentucky than we are offering for your inspection now. It comprises everything, in the most liberal sense of the word. We wish to call special attention to our stock of DEPOT WAGONS, OPEN WAGONS and STANHOPEES. It will pay you to call and inspect them.

Rubber Tires:

In this advanced age no vehicle is complete without RUBBER TIRES. We have the latest improved machines for putting on the Hartford and Goodyear 2-Wire tire. No more coming off. Riding will be made a comfort to you and your vehicle will last twice as long. Come in and investigate.

Farm Wagons:

All the best makes, such as STUDEBAKER, MITCHELL, OWENSBORO and OLDS.

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GUESSING BALLOT.

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Judge.....

Attorney.....

Sheriff.....

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School Supt.....

Assessor.....

Jailer.....

Surveyor.....

Coroner.....

Name of Subscriber.....

P. O. Address.....

Date Rec'd.....

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For list of candidates see the announcement columns of THE NEWS. Cut out the above ballot, fill it in, enclose it and two dollars in envelope and mail to

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For St. Paul, Minneapolis and Northwest, several trains daily from Chicago and St. Louis; "The finest Trains in the World." Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

To Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, two trains daily from St. Louis or Chicago.

California Excursions in through tourist sleepers, personally conducted, from St. Louis and Chicago every Wednesday evening; also from Chicago every Monday evening; the route is via Denver, scenic Colorado, Salt Lake City.

The Best Line; the best equipped trains in the West.

Write for matter descriptive of any contemplated journey through the West.

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Be it understood that it was not a Paris, Ky., editor who was slapped. If it had been, by this time Boni wouldn't have any use for his wife's millions.

One Samuel Empty, of Illinois, went home the other night and proceeded to reduce the furniture of his dwelling to kindling wood, but was halted in his mad career by the appearance of the police. Empty was evidently full.—Lexington Herald.

"It must have been easier to learn to swim," as he picked her up off of the ice for the eighth time.

"Why?" he asked.

"They were bustles in those days," and she sighed as though she were suffering.

Mack Brooks took a trip to Cincinnati last week, and met with an experience from which he has not yet fully recovered. He was seated in a Fourth street cable car, when the car turned suddenly into Central Avenue, and as it swung suddenly round the corner a pretty girl who has been dangling to a strap for several minutes lost her hold and landed gracefully upon Mack's lap.

"I beg your pardon," she said, her cheeks tinging on a rose-colored tint.

"Keep your seat," replied Mack; "the pleasure is mine."

Report of Louisville tobacco market: Total sales for the week were 4,473 hogsheads, of which 3,294 were of the 1900 crop. Owing to the cold weather the receipts and sales have been much smaller than usual at this season of the year. Tobacco is being sold as fast as it comes in, as there are no stocks.

Price has been very satisfactory and continues 50 cents higher on all grades. Cigarette tobacco is very scarce and in great demand. The highest price of the season was reached for a hogshead of this type on Thursday, when \$17.75 was paid by the American Tobacco Company. Good red manufacturing kinds are strong; red tips are also very strong. The market is in a very clean, healthy condition.

For a good clean shave and an up-to-date hair cut call at Tom Crawford's new barber shop, located in the old post-office stand. No long waits. (tf)

Notice.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent, who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company. When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent or Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policy holders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON.

Vehicles For Sale at Auction.

On Monday, April 1st, (court-day), we will offer at public auction our entire stock of vehicles, consisting of phaetons, buggies, carts, and some second-hand buggies and barouches.

Terms made known on day of sale.

J. W. HOLLIDAY CARRIAGE CO.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

WHILE HE WAITED.

The clock upon the mantel stand;
It ticks, and so I know it's going;
But as to speed its gilded hands
Don't make a very rapid showing.

My lady's maid an age ago—
Said you would be down in a second;
I'd give a bride just to know
Exactly how her time is reckoned!

The thing is pretty of the kind;
Two chubby loves support its dial.
One loves a mere courtship I find,
Supports me in this present trial.

Perhaps by her fair hand 'tis wound;
I wonder this the while I linger.
My lady can—that, too, I've found—
Wind me around her little finger.

She knows it, too; I'll bet a dime
Her purpose is to keep me guessing.
It seems I'm only marking time,
Whereas I thought I was progressing.

Time! That is why this clock is set—
To mind us of the moments sleeping.
But time completely I forget
From the sweet moment of our meeting.

Tick, tick, the tiny pendulum;
Click, click, her foot heels, ask and leather;
Thump, thump my heart! I know she's coming—
All three now keeping time together.

—Chicago Record.

A Cure For Loneliness

BY W. R. ROSE

The air was mild and clear. The children frolicked merrily among the trees in the park. The white capped nurses sat on the rustic seats here and there and watched their charges or played with the smaller children who nestled in wicker carriages with gay colored canopies.

On one of the benches not far from the entrance sat an elderly man. He was straight and square shouldered, with a white mustache and grizzled hair and a strong suggestion of early military training. He sat there because he liked to see the children at play. They were better company than his thoughts. Anyway, he had little else to do.

On this particular day he had watched the playful elves as they darted in and out among the trees until he had grown tired. The warm sun made him sleepy. His gray head slowly dropped back, his shoulders found a restful corner of the high backed seat, and presently he was soundly sleeping.

A slight concussion awakened him. He opened his eyes with a little start. The sun was peeping through the foliage, and the rays dazzled him. He tried to raise a hand to draw his soft hat over his eyes, but could not. Both hands were pinned fast. He looked down. A rope was encircling his body and holding his arms fast to his sides. He made an effort to release himself, but without success. He fancied he could sympathize with the feelings of Gulliver when he found the pygmies had caught and bound him.

Whom he had watched so many times among the trees. He was right. A child's laughter broke on his ears. His captor was close behind him, behind him. "Aha," he said in what was intended for a very gruff voice, "are you there? Unhand me at once or tremble for the consequences!"

The cord—it was a child's skipping rope—was rapidly drawn from about his waist and a moment later its owner danced in front of him.

She was a little girl of possibly 7, though at times her varying expressions made her seem much older. Her hair floated about her head in careless waves and tendrils, her eyes were gray and her mouth was small and beautifully shaped, and there was a saucy upward tilt to her short nose.

"Pooh, pooh," she said, with a mocking courtesy, "I ain't a bit afraid of you!"

"And why not?" the old man asked. She was a charming fairy, a natural little coquette, and her every move was full of a subtle grace. "And why are you not afraid of such a gray old mustache as I am?" he asked again as she proudered before him.

"Because you are my grandfather," she earnestly answered him.

The old man's face darkened.

"What do you mean by that nonsense?" he harshly asked.

"That's nonsense," said the little maiden, "unless grandfathers are nonsense. Anyway, you're my grandfather." And she started to leave him.

"Wait," he cried. "Come here. What did you mean by saying I am your grandfather? Do you call every old man you see grandfather?"

"No," said the child. "Only you."

He studied her face sharply.

"Come," he said, "be said in coaxing tones. She marched boldly up to him. Her little hand flew up and touched the front of her cap.

"That's the way to salute a soldier," she said, with a merry laugh. "Mamma said you was one."

He caught his breath.

"Perhaps," he slowly said, "you can even tell me my name?"

"Yes, I can," replied the child. "It's easy. Your name is Philip. An now guess what mine is."

"Is it Mary?" he gently asked.

"No," laughed the child. "That's mamma's. Mine is most like yours. It's Philippa."

times they think mamma changes too much, an sometimes she doesn't have any pictures to do. Then, you know, it's pretty hard to have the landlord call. I guess you know how that is."

"And where is your father?" and the old man's voice suddenly grew hard.

"He's dead in California," said the child. "He was an actor, you know; a stage actor. I don't remember him very well. I was too little when he went away. I've tried to act, too, but Della, that's the janitor's wife, she says I can't act for shucks."

"Good thing," muttered the old man. "Well, I don't know," said the child.

"You see, I wanted to do something to help mamma, an if I can't act I don't know what I can do. But I s'pose it's no use. Della said that as a child wonder I was the wust she ever seen, an Della goes out a good deal."

A faint smile crossed the old man's stern features.

"And what made you think that I am your grandfather?" he asked.

"Oh, Marie Kramer told me!" replied the child. "She knows everybody. She's lived out more places. She's Bessie Leighton's nurse now, an just as soon as she saw you sittin here one day she said, 'There's old Colonel Robinson.' She knew you 'cause you used to go to the Bronsons, where she was drivin them. An pretty soon she looked at me an said, 'Why, he's your grandfather, ain't he?' An I said I didn't know, an she thought it out an said, 'Yes, he is, 'cause your mamma is his daughter, an she ran away with a play actor, an the old hunkers shut his door on her forever.' That's what Marie said. An when I went home I said to Della, 'My grandfather's sittin over there in the park, an he's the loneliest lookin thing.' An Della says: 'If he's settin in the park, he's either a tramp or a millionaire. If he's a tramp, you must keep away from him, but if he's a millionaire you want to rope him in. An that's just what I did.'"

"And your mother knows nothing about my being here?" the old man asked.

"Yes, she does," replied the child. "I told her, an she looked so queer, an her face got red, an she said: 'Philippa, dear, it may not be your grandfather. But anyway, you mustn't speak to him unless he speaks to you first.' An I made you speak to me first, didn't I?"

The old man leaned back and looked at the child.

"Philippa," he said slowly, "how would you like to come and live with me? You would have your own beautiful room, and all the playthings you could want, and somebody to wait on you, and a pony to drive, and everything that could make a little girl happy."

"An would mamma come, too?" the child asked.

"I'd like the room," said the child, "an the pony, an all the rest, but I guess I'd be too lonesome without mamma."

"We'd be just two lonesome ones together," said the child. Then she added, "If you knew mamma, you'd see how it is."

"Perhaps I am beginning to see," said the old man softly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried the child. "You can borrow me. How's that?"

"It sounds well," said the old man. "How much I set about it?"

"Oh, it's easy," replied the child. "You just come to our flat an send up your card, an then mamma will whistle down an say, 'Please come up.' Then you go up, an I'm there, an I say, 'Mr. Grandpapa, this is mamma.' Then you bow an say, 'Pleased to know you, an mamma says, 'Where have I seen you before?' an then you say, 'Can I borrow your charmin daughter for the rest of the day? for you've come very early in the mornin, you know, an mamma says, 'Have you any security for the rent—I mean for the child?' an you say, 'Oh, yes; indeed I have,' an then you put up a silver quarter for security an take me, an we go away somewhere an have a splendid time together an get home when it's real dark, an mamma is gettin fidgety. I'd like to see that house of yours an that room an those ponies. We ought to get better acquainted—we ought to, really.'"

The old man smiled at her enthusiasm. Evidently this was a delightfully original child.

"Do you think your mamma would paint my portrait?" he asked.

"She'd be real pleased to," said the child. "An I'd get the commission, too, wouldn't I? She told me if I got any orders I'd get the commission. You're my order, ain't you?"

"Yes," said the old man as he slowly arose. "Come, we will go and seek your mother. I must get that picture before I grow any older—and before your mamma's memory quite outgrows the reminiscences of her childhood. Come, Philippa."

And hand in hand they passed down the gravelled walk and through the big gates and presently found themselves in front of the huge apartment house that the lonesome Philippa called home.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Hungry to Study.

A certain teacher who had studied a particular bad boy from every conceivable standpoint finally found the cause of his apparent wickedness. He had been especially annoying all day, and at the close of the school the teacher sat down by him and said: "John, what is the trouble, anyway? Why is it you find it so hard to behave in school?"

Poor John, in a burst of confidence, blurted out, "It's 'cos I'm so darned hungry!"

Then the teacher knew that John's reformation must begin in his stomach.—Exchange.

John W. Lowery,

424 Main Street, - - Paris, Ky.

Harness, Saddles, Whips and Blankets

Collars, Hames, Traces, Bridles, etc.

Special attention given to repair work. All work done when promised, and satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN W. LOWERY,
Opp. Fair Store.



Furnishing A House!

YOU MAY BE
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If you have never looked through our immense stock, to know that we furnish houses complete from the kitchen to the front hall.

We can tell you exactly what it all ought to cost, what you may make it cost, and the very least it can be made to cost.

A. F. WHEELER'S NEW FURNITURE STORE,

SIMMS BUILDING, MAIN STS., PARIS, KY.

STACY ADAMS SHOES

AT COST.

\$3.95. \$3.95. \$3.95.

I have a limited number of the celebrated STACY ADAMS SHOE, the best shoe made, all sizes, in Tans and blacks, Kangaroo, Box Calf, Russia Calf, Vici Kid, Patent Leather in Lace and Button. These shoes are regular \$5 and \$6 grades. I am making a run on them for Cash only at

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GEORGE McWILLIAMS,
MAIN STREETS. NIPPERT BLOCK.

All accounts due first of each month.

Economy is The Road

THAT LEADS

DOWN TO ST. LOUIS

NEW THINGS EVERY DAY
IN STAPLE AND FANCY...

Croceries, Fruits,
Canned Goods,
Fine Candies and Nuts.

We will have Turkeys, Cranberries, Oysters, Celery, and
and everything that goes to make a good Christmas
Dinner. Call us up. 'Phone 11.

Don't Forget

WE SELL THE

CÉLEBRATED

Radiant Home

STOVE.

Winn & Lowry.

FOR

FIRST-CLASS

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SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

Bourbon

Laundry Co.



Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Diseases. Why then risk Consumption? Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Don't be imposed upon. Refuse the dealer's substitute. It is not as good as Dr. Bull's. Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism and all Pains. Price, 15 and 25 cents.

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"Why?" he asked.
"They were bustles in those days," and she sighed as though she were suffering.

Mack Brooks took a trip to Cincinnati last week, and met with an experience from which he has not yet fully recovered. He was seated in a Fourth street cable car, when the car turned suddenly into Central Avenue, and as it swung suddenly round the corner a pretty girl who has been dangling to a strap for several minutes lost her hold and landed gracefully upon Mack's lap. "I beg your pardon," she said, her cheeks taking on a rose-colored tint. "Keep your seat," replied Mack; "the pleasure is mine."

Report of Louisville tobacco market: Total sales for the week were 4,478 hogheads, of which 3,294 were of the 1900 crop. Owing to the cold weather the receipts and sales have been much smaller than usual at this season of the year. Tobacco is being sold as fast as it comes in, as there are no stocks. Prices have been very satisfactory and continue 50 cents to \$1 higher on all grades. Cigarette tobacco is very scarce and in great demand. The highest price of the season was reached for a hoghead of this type on Thursday, when \$17.75 was paid by the American Tobacco Company. Good red manufacturing kinds are strong; red tips are also very strong. The market is in a very clean, heavy condition.

For a good clean shave and an up-to-date hair cut call at Tom Crawford's new barber shop, located in the old post-office stand. No long waits. (tf)

Notice.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent, who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company. When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent or Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policy holders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON.

Vehicles For Sale at Auction.

On Monday, April 1st, (court-day), we will offer at public auction our entire stock of vehicles, consisting of phonons, buggies, carts, and some second-hand buggies and barouches.

Terms made known on day of sale.
J. W. HOLLIDAY CARRIAGE CO.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

WHILE HE WAITED.

The clock upon the mantel stands;
It ticks, and so I know it's going,
But as to speed its gilded hands
Don't make a very rapid showing.

My lady's maid an age ago—
Said she would be down in a second;
I'd give a trifle just to know
Exactly how her time is reckoned!

The thing is pretty of its kind;
I wonder this the while I linger.
My lady said that, too, I've found—
Wonders I thought I was progressing.

Perhaps by her fair hand 'tis wound;
I wonder this the while I linger.
My lady said that, too, I've found—
Wonders I thought I was progressing.

Time! That is why this clock is set—
To mind us of the moments fleeting,
But time completely I forget
From the sweet moment of our meeting.

Tick, tick, the tiny pendulum;
Click, click, her foot as she comes;
Thump, thump, my heart! I knew she'd come—
All three now keeping time together.

—Chicago Record.

A Cure For Loneliness

BY W. R. ROSE

The air was mild and clear. The children frolicked merrily among the trees in the park. The white capped nurses sat on the rustic seats here and there and watched their charges or played with the smaller children who nestled in wicker carriages with gay colored canopies.

On one of the benches not far from the entrance sat an elderly man. He was straight and square shouldered, with a white mustache and grizzled hair and a strong suggestion of early military training. He sat there because he liked to see the children at play. They were better company than his thoughts. Anyway, he had little else to do.

On this particular day he had watched the playful elves as they darted in and out among the trees until he had grown tired. The warm sun made him sleepy. His gray head slowly dropped back, his shoulders found a restful corner of the high backed seat, and presently he was soundly sleeping.

A slight concussion awakened him. He opened his eyes with a little start. The sun was peeping through the foliage, and the rays dazzled him. He tried to raise a hand to draw his soft hat over his eyes and could not. Both hands were pinned fast. He looked down. A rope was encircling his body and holding his arms fast to his sides. He made an effort to release himself, but without success. He fancied he could sympathize with the feelings of Gulliver when he found the pygmies had caught and bound him. He looked up and saw a child's skipping rope—was rapidly drawn from about his waist, and he found himself in front of him.

She was a little girl of possibly 7, though at times her varying expressions made her seem much older. Her hair floated about her head in careless waves and tendrils, her eyes were gray and deep, her mouth was small and beautifully shaped, and there was a saucy upward tilt to her short nose. "Pooh, pooh," she said, with a mocking courtesy, "I ain't a bit afraid of you!"

"And why not?" the old man asked. She was a charming fairy, a natural little coquette, and her every move was full of a subtle grace. "And why are you not afraid of such a gray old mustache as I am?" he asked again as she pirouetted before him.

"Because you are my grandfather," she carelessly answered.

"And you mean that?" he asked. "What do you mean by that nonsense?" he harshly asked.

"That's nonsense," said the little maiden, "unless grandfathers is nonsense. Anyway, you're my grandfather." And she started to leave him.

"Wait!" he cried. "Come here. What did you mean by saying I am your grandfather? Do you call every old man you see grandfather?"

"No," said the child. "Only you."

He studied her face sharply.

"Come a little closer," he said in coaxing tones. She marched boldly up to him. Her little hand flew up and touched the front of her cap.

"That's the way to salute a soldier," she said, with a merry laugh. "Mamma said you was one."

He caught his breath.

"Perhaps," he slowly said, "you can even tell me my name?"

"Yes, I can," replied the child. "It's easy. Your name is Philip. An now guess what mine is."

"Is—it is Mary?" he gently asked.

"No," laughed the child. "That's mamma's. Mine is like yours. It's Philippa."

The old man was silent for a moment.

"Is your mother here, child?" he suddenly asked. "Is she lurking about among the trees?"

"What? Do you mean mamma?" cried the child. "She isn't here. She hasn't time for trees. She's always too busy. Didn't you know she paints? Yes, she paints lovely little pictures. Minichours she calls them. They're pictures of people, don't you know, only much prettier. But sometimes people don't pay very quick, an some-

times they think mamma charges too much, an sometimes she doesn't have any pictures to do. Then, you know, it's pretty hard to have the landlady call. I guess you know how that is."

"And where is your father?" and the old man's voice suddenly grew hard.

"He's dead in California," said the child. "He was an actor, you know; a stage actor. I don't remember him very well. I was too little when he went away. My father told me that."

"Good thing," muttered the old man. "Well, I don't know," said the child. "You see, I wanted to do something to help mamma, an if I can't act I don't know what I can do. But I suppose it's no use. Della said that as a child wonder I was the wust she ever seen, an Della goes out a good deal."

A faint smile crossed the old man's stern features.

"And what made you think that I am your grandfather?" he asked.

"Oh, my father told me," replied the child. "She knows everybody. She's lived out more places. She's Bessie Leighton's nurse now, an just as soon as she saw you sittin here one day she said, 'There's old Colonel Robson.' She knew you 'cause you used to go to the Bronsons, where she was livin then. An pretty soon she looked at me an said, 'Why, he's your grandfather, ain't he?' An I said I didn't know, an she thought it out an said, 'Yes, he is, 'cause your mamma is his daughter, an she ran away with a play actor, an the old hunkers shut his door on her forever.' That's what Marie said. An when I went home I said to Della, 'My grandfather's sittin over there in the park, an he's the loneliest lookin thing.' An Della says: 'If he's sittin in the park, he's either a tramp or a millionaire. If he's a tramp, you must keep away from him, but if he's a millionaire you want to rope him in.' An when I looked at you again I saw you didn't look like a tramp, an so I thought I'd take my chances an rope you in an that's just what I did."

"And your mother knows nothing about my being here?" the old man asked.

"Yes, she does," replied the child. "I told her, an she looked so queer, an her face got red, an she said: 'Philippa, dear, it may not be your grandfather. But anyway you mustn't speak to him unless he speaks to you first.' An I made you speak to me first, didn't I?"

The old man leaned back and looked at the child.

"Philippa," he said slowly, "how would you like to come and live with me? You would have your own beautiful room, and all the playthings you could want, and somebody to wait on you, and a pony to drive, and everything that could make a little girl happy."

"An would mamma come, too?" the child asked.

The old man shook his head.

"I'd like the room," said the child, "an the pony, an all the rest, but I guess I'd be too lonesome without mamma."

"We'd be just two lonesome ones together," said the child. Then she added, "If you knew mamma, you'd see how I'd be."

"Perhaps I am beginning to see," said the old man softly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried the child. "You can borrow me. How's that?"

"It sounds well," said the old man. "How must I get about it?"

"Oh, it's easy," replied the child. "You just come to our flat an send up your card, an then mamma will whistle down an say, 'Please come up.' Then you go up, an I'm there, an I say, 'Mr. Grandpapa, this is mamma.' Then you bow an say, 'Pleased to know you, an mamma says, 'Where have I seen you before?' an then you say, 'Can I borrow your charmin daughter for the rest of the day? for you've come very early in the mornin, you know, an mamma says, 'Have you any security for rent?' I mean for the child? an you say, 'Oh, yes; indeed I have,' an then you put up a silver quarter for security an take me, an we go away somewhere an have a splendid time together an get home when it's real dark, an mamma is gettin fidgety. I'd like to see that house of yours an that room an those ponies. We ought to get better acquainted—we ought to, really."

The old man smiled at her enthusiasm. Evidently this was a delightful original child.

"Do you think your mamma would paint my portrait?" he asked.

"She'd be real pleased to," said the child. "An I'd get the commission, too, wouldn't I? She told me if I got any orders I'd get the commission. You're my order, ain't you?"

"Yes," said the old man as he slowly arose. "Come, we will go and seek your mother. I must get that picture before I grow any older—and before your mamma's memory quite outgrows the reminiscences of her childhood. Come, Philippa."

And hand in hand they passed down the gravelled walk and through the big gates and presently found themselves in front of the huge apartment house that the lonesome Philippa called home.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Hungry to Steady.

A certain teacher who had studied a particular bad boy from every conceivable standpoint finally found the cause of his apparent wickedness. He had been especially annoying all day, and at the close of the school the teacher sat down by him and said: "John, what is the trouble, anyway? Why is it you find it so hard to behave in school?"

Poor John, in a burst of confidence, blurted out, "It's cos I'm so durned hungry!"

Then the teacher knew that John's reformation must begin in his stomach.—Exchange.

John W. Lowery,

424 Main Street, - - Paris, Ky.

Harness, Saddles, Whips and Blankets

Collars, Hames, Traces, Bridles, etc.

Special attention given to repair work. All work done when promised, and satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN W. LOWERY,
Opp. Fair Store.



Furnishing A House!

YOU MAY BE
SURPRISED!

If you have never looked through our immense stock, to know that we furnish houses complete from the kitchen to the front hall.

We can tell you exactly what it all ought to cost, what you may make it cost, and the very least it can be made to cost.

A. F. WHEELER'S

NEW FURNITURE STORE,

SIMMS BUILDING, MAIN STS.,

PARIS, KY.

STACY ADAMS SHOES

AT COST.

\$3.95.

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I have a limited number of the celebrated STACY, ADAMS SHOE, the best shoe made, all sizes, in Tans and blacks, Kangaroo, Box Calf, Russia Calf, Vici Kid, Patent Leather in Lace and Button. These shoes are regular \$5 and \$6 grades. I am making a run on them for Cash only at

\$3.95.

\$3.95.

\$3.95.

GEORGE McWILLIAMS.

MAIN STREES. NIPPERT BLOCK.

All accounts due first of each month.

Economy is The Road

THAT LEADS

DOWN & UP HILLS

NEW THINGS EVERY DAY
IN STAPLE AND FANCY...

Croceries, Fruits,
Canned Goods,
Fine Candies and Nuts.

We will have Turkeys, Cranberries, Oysters, Celery, and
and everything that goes to make a good Christmas
Dinner. Call us up. 'Phone 11.

Don't Forget

WE SELL THE
CELEBRATED

Radiant Home

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FOR

FIRST-CLASS
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SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

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Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Hacking Coughs, Sore Throats, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc. It is not as good as Dr. Bull's, Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism and all Pains. Price, 15 and 25 cents.

IMPERFECT IN ORIGINAL

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.)

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:
(Payable in Advance.)
ONE YEAR...\$3.00 | SIX MONTHS...\$1.00

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of SWIFT CHAMP.

R. S. PORTER, CITY EDITOR.

Tuesday, March 19, 1901.

A Social Affair.

He could fight for love of country
And could bare his breast to shoving;
He could die for home and freedom
In the battle raging hot.
He could work a gun so truly
That it made you proud to see—
But he couldn't be commissioned,
For he couldn't pour "pink tea."
—The Commoner.

CULTIVATED HEMP Seed for Sale.
E. F. SPEARS & SONS.

Lost.—Watch chain and Elk head.
Reward \$1.50 return to THE NEWS
office. (2t)

Bourbon Quarterly Court convenes to-day.

WM. BROWN formerly of this city has accepted a position in a railroad office in New York City.

See "Little Cook" for firm seed potatoes. See his Box Sign and you will make no mistake. (1t)

The hotel men down in the vicinity of Niagara Falls know that it is going to cost more than 11 cents to be a Buffalo after the Fair opens.

LOOK out for tornados, wind storms and cyclones. One thousand dollars insurance with T. Porter Smith will only cost you two dollars. (1t)

THOMAS KELLY colored who died in Rockville last week held two policies amounting to \$1,200. He had been paying for thirty-four years on one of them for \$1,000 in the North Western Life.

The Nicholas County Courier prints the rather startling item:
Read our correspondents for births, marriages and deaths which do not appear in the usual place.

In the Caseywell contest at Springfield, Ky., a jury returned a verdict for the contestants. On poll of the jury, however, one juror dissented, and the court declared a mistrial.

The eighty-second anniversary of the organization of Oddfellowship in America in 1819 will be observed on the 26th day of April next.

At the primary in Harrison Saturday for county office results were: W. T. Baisey, Judge; Claude Desha, Clerk; J. A. Leach, Sheriff; William M. Craigmyle, Jailor; J. J. Osborne, County Attorney; James W. Rogers, Superintendent of Schools; John Holland, Assessor; E. K. Renaker, Representative.

E. L. Yonce, a C. & O. freight conductor, was killed by an engine at Shelbyville Friday while assisting in making a coupling. The Coroner's jury held that his death was due to the negligence of the engineer and fireman who were in charge of the engine.

QUITE a change has been made in the Patton store room on Main street, by the new front which is almost completed. With other improvements it will be one of the prettiest store rooms in the city. It will be completed when completed by Mrs. L. B. Conway & Co., as a first-class millinery store.

To the ladies who wish to be thoroughly up-to-date in the selection of their Spring millinery is extended a cordial invitation to inspect the magnificent stock of Mrs. Corne Watson in her new store in the Nippert Block, three doors below the Hotel Fordham. There never has before been a stock in Paris so equal to it.

THERE is not in the State of Kentucky a more complete and up-to-date stock of New York and Paris pattern hats than that recently purchased by Mrs. Corne Watson during her trip East. She invites the ladies to call at her new place of business in the Nippert Block, and give them thorough inspection.

MISS MARGARET FALLON, of Chicago, the trimmer engaged by Mrs. Corne Watson, has arrived, and is turning out some beautiful specimens of the millinery art. Do not forget that Mrs. Watson is now located three doors below the Fordham Hotel, in the Nippert Block, and diagonally across from her former location.

Change Of Meeting Nights.

The regular meeting night of Maunee Tribe, No. 65, Imp. Order of Red Men, has been changed from Friday to Wednesday, and in the future, commencing to-morrow night, the meetings will be held in the K. of P. lodge rooms over Tucker's store.

"ANTISEPTICIZING" is the only mouth wash compounded by a practicing dentist.

Mad Dog In Millersburg.

Considerable excitement was created the other day in Millersburg, by the appearance of a mad dog. Before it could be killed a cow and two fine sows, the property of Mrs. A. McNamara, were bitten, and they had to be killed and their bodies burned. The dog also was finally killed, before it did further damage.

Conflagration In St. Louis.

Fire broke out in the ice house of the Annheuser-Busch Brewing Company, St. Louis, yesterday and spread rapidly. The fire spread over five acres of buildings, burning the Missouri Car and Foundry Company and a row of flats. The United States arsenal, containing Quartermaster's stores, and the building of the Bosch Brewing Company were threatened.

Has Not Withdrawn.

There having been a report circulated that I had withdrawn from the race for Assessor, I wish to correct it, and to say I will remain in the race to the finish.

T. J. CURRENT.

New Millinery Store.

Mrs. L. B. Conway & Co. will move into their millinery emporium in the new Patton store on Thursday next. In the meantime they are daily receiving orders for hats, their trimmer, Miss Rogers, having arrived. The regular opening days will be on Wednesday and Thursday, April 24 and 25, and they promise the ladies of Paris and Bourbon a stock of Paris and New York pattern hats such as was never before seen in this city. No lady in Bourbon can afford to miss seeing them. Do not forget the opening dates—April 24 and 25.

Mirage Seen.

About sundown on last Saturday evening, several persons living in the Centerville precinct witnessed a well-defined mirage in the Western sky. It is described by those who saw it as being a perfect representation of a small village or a town with a church spire, surrounded by an open square, and several buildings were plain enough, and their different heights to be seen. It attracted a great deal of attention and the superstitious negroes of the precinct saw in it a warning of the approaching end of the world, and in consequence the services at the colored church on Sunday night were continued far into the night, and the noise made by shouting and lamentations was calculated to scare away even Gabriel himself.

Circuit Court.

CIRCUIT COURT adjourned Friday night until this morning. There was nothing transacted Friday excepted a few civil cases. Since our last issue the following judgments have been returned by the grand jury:
George Henry Allen, for mule stealing. Allen has served two terms in the penitentiary, and if convicted of this charge he will go up for life.
There were four indictments returned against Carrie Kellis and Della Thomas for house breaking.

Prof. Boone injured.

PROF. EDWIN BOONE, of the Boone-Yaki Company, while playing an engagement at Rome, Ga., recently, fell down a flight of steps and broke a rib, necessitating him cancelling several dates. He had previously been playing to packed houses throughout the South.

Gus Straus of Lexington yesterday sold his great 2-year-old Hanover filly, dam Aquila, to John E. Madden. The price is private.

Matrimonial.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Buckner Woodford and Mr. William Ewalt Wornall is announced, the wedding to take place in the early April. Miss Woodford is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Woodford and one of Bourbon's fairest daughters. She is a petite blonde, very vivacious and with a true, happy disposition, has won the true admiration of a host of friends, at home and abroad. Mr. Wornall is one of our most popular young farmers and a favorite in society.

The wedding of Miss Marie Louise Parrish and Mr. Jay Ishmond Andrews, of Brooklyn, will take place the 17th of April. Miss Parrish is the talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Parrish, of this city.

The wedding of Miss Annie Bain, daughter of Mr. George Bain the great temperance lecturer, and Mr. Calvert Roselle is announced. The wedding to take place the third of April.

Serious Loss Of Life.

At Olive, 45 miles from Missoula, Mont., Saturday morning a special car containing Ed Davis' "Uncles Tom's Cabin" company was burned, four members of the company losing their lives.
The dead are: Minnie Hearst, aged 28, Mitchell, Ind.; Bert Reid, musician, aged 26, Columbus, Kan.; Leo Lease, musician, aged 24, Kalamazoo, Mich.; and John Bollmans, musician, aged 24, Parkersburg, Ia.

The car was attached to a regular east-bound train when it was found to be on fire. Most of the company escaped without injury, but the four mentioned were burned to death in their berths.
This company played in Paris last season.

Attention, Red Men.

The next regular council fire will be kindled to-morrow (Wednesday) night at 8 P. M. Hall, over G. Tucker's store. Very important business is to be transacted, and a full attendance is requested.

Stock and Crop.

William Penn 2:07 1/4 will arrive in Kentucky next Monday, March 18, and will be taken to Paris where he will be placed in the stud in charge of Douglas Thomas. He is owned by William D. Althouse, Phoenixville, Pa., and will be well received in Kentucky.

Dr. John H. Mallory, Bowling Green, Ky., has decided to go into the business of breeding and raising of Shetland ponies, and has recently purchased a number of mares from parties in Lexington.
W. A. Megibben, the well known New York dealer in fancy harness and saddle horses, has been in Kentucky for several weeks looking after horses of his choice. He has succeeded in purchasing quite a number of road and carriage horses, together with several high-class saddle animals at both public and private sale. He is still here and will remain a while longer.

The Thoroughbred Record gives the following amounts as won last year by the get of the sires named:
St. Florian, \$35,487.17; imp. Sir Modred, \$31,841; imp. Deceiver, \$33,152; imp. Masetto, \$31,661; Hindoo, \$29,604; Alark Sheek, \$17,220; imp. Golden Garter, \$24,455.

Mr. Ed Bedford has purchased the Dan Morris farm on Scott avenue, and will train his horses at Doug. Thomas' track.

Henry Clay Rye, the property, of Col. James E. Pepper, won the Crescent City Derby at New Orleans Saturday, at 10 to 1. Colonel Pepper was warmly congratulated upon the victory of the colt. This is the third son of the same sire to win that event, a unique fact in turf history.

Ossian Edwards sold in Cincinnati Friday four hhds. of tobacco, at \$4.50 to \$10.75. He also shipped from Carlisle last week ten carloads of walnut logs, six to Cincinnati and four for export.
J. C. Ray has shipped to Lawson, Mo., two carloads of Jacks bought in this country.

THE MOVING THROG.

Notes About Our Guests, Arrivals and Departures—Society's Doings.

—Mr. Gus Fee is a visitor in Cincinnati.

—Miss Eddie Spears is visiting friends in Lexington.

—Hon. F. H. Dudley, of , was in the city yesterday.

—Mr. W. H. Clay, of Lexington, was in the city yesterday.

—Wm. E. Grishy spent yesterday in Lexington on business.

—Mr. Henry Lee, of Carlisle passed through to Cincinnati yesterday.

—Mrs. John Feeney and son have arrived home from Richmond.

—Mrs. Ida Rogers, of this city, is visiting friends in Cincinnati.

—Jan. D. Feeney spent Sunday in Richmond, the guest of relatives.

—Miss Kate Lucas is the guest of Miss Mary Woodford, in Mt. Sterling.

—Miss Mand Roland has returned from a visit to friends in Lexington.

—Attorney Stevenson, of Georgetown, was in town yesterday on legal business.

—Mrs. Geo. B. Alexander spent yesterday in Covington, visiting relatives.

—Miss Hallie Mathews has returned to Louisville after a visit to Miss Carrie Frank.

—Mrs. Mary Ware has returned to Cincinnati, after a visit to relatives in this city.

—Miss Lillian Armstrong, of Flemingsburg, is the guest of Miss Gertrude Renick.

—Miss Lillie Deadman, has returned to Cincinnati after a visit to Mrs. R. B. Hutchcraft.

—Mrs. Sarah Hanson, of Lexington, is the guest of Mrs. Lucy Simms on Second street.

—Miss Jennie Kate Purnell is quite ill in Baltimore where she has been attending college.

—Messrs. R. B. Lyne and Ottwell Frazier, of Cincinnati, were guests in the city Sunday.

—Mrs. Dan Roche was in Frankfort Saturday to attend the funeral of her uncle, Pat McDonald.

—Miss Matilda Alexander, who has been attending college at Clarksville, Tenn., is at home for a short visit.

—Col. Robt. L. Crigler, of Covington, a wealthy distiller and once a prominent merchant in this city, is seriously ill in New York.

—Mr. Harold Johnson, of Mt. Sterling, will celebrate his twenty-first birthday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johnson, on Mt. Airy, to-morrow.

—Private Leander Minge, 2nd U. S. Inf., arrived at Lexington Sunday. He also visited his old comrades and friends in this city. He is looking well, although discharged because of disability. He reports the other Bourbon boys doing well.

—One of the most delightful entertainments of the season, was the progressive euchre party given by Dr. M. H. Dailey with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dailey, on Mt. Airy, to-morrow. He also visited his old comrades and friends in this city. He is looking well, although discharged because of disability. He reports the other Bourbon boys doing well.

Four handsome prizes were given. Miss Margaret Butler was the successful winner of the first prize, which was a late edition of "The Choice of Hercules," by Mr. Sidney G. Clay, a silver knife. After the game a delightful luncheon was served at Mrs. Crook's dining room, which was previously decorated for the party. On each table was a vase of carnations.

Among those who were present were Misses Gertrude Renick, Jessie Turney, Lizzette Dickson, Margaret Butler, Ollie Butler, Martha Clay, Mary Brent, Lillian Armstrong, Flemingsburg, Georgia, Geo. H. Cyniana, Edna Spears, Katherine Simms, Anna May Simms, Marie Parrish, Louise Parrish, Milda McMillan, Mary Best Tarr and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney G. Clay and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Dickson. Messrs. J. W. Bacon, Albert Hinton, Dr. M. H. Dailey, John M. Brennan, Dr. C. B. Dickson, Dr. William Kenney, Aylette Buckner, Sam Clay, Simms Wilson and Clarence Thomas.

Hon. W. M. Cruvens, of New Castle, counsel for Capt. Garret E. Roper, charged with complicity in Goebel's assassination, says his client will be acquitted on trial next month and the man who fired the shot unharmed.

Col. D. J. Griffith, warden of the South Carolina penitentiary, and Mr. John G. Mobley, of South Carolina, were in the city last week. Their mission was to purchase horses for use of the South Carolina State farm. Mr. Courtland Leer of this city, superintendent of the purchases, and was appointed purchasing agent by the gentlemen before they left for home. Mr. Leer has purchased up to this time, seventeen mares, in foal to jacks, and one jack from Mr. Jesse Turney for \$700.

PARIS COMMERCIAL CLUB.

Meets and Formerly Organizes With Forty-Two Charter Members.

The second meeting of the Paris Commercial Club was held at the City Hall last night, and the following permanent officers were elected:
President, R. J. Nealey.
Vice-President, Henry Power.
Secretary, Frank Walker.
Treasurer, D. C. Parrish.

Articles of Incorporation and a set of by-laws were read and submitted, after which there were forty-two names received as charter members, embracing among them the principal merchants and business men of the city.

It was moved and seconded, and carried, that the charter be left open until the next meeting of the club, and every citizen who has the interest of the city at heart is asked to sign.

The following board of directors was elected: B. E. Spears, W. E. Allen, J. W. Davis, Geo. Rasseff, J. S. Wilson, P. L. McCarthy, T. E. Ashbrook. Initiation fee was placed at \$1 and dues at \$2 per year, to commence on April 1st next.

The meeting then adjourned until next Monday night.

Agent, For Blue Lick Water.

The Blue Lick Springs Co. have made Allis & Ingles, of this city, State Agents for their celebrated water. This is quite a compliment to this firm. There is no mineral water on earth that has so extensive a reputation as Blue Lick water, and its reputation will become still more generally known through the influence of this hustling firm. They have made W. T. Brooks the agent in Paris, who will be prepared to sell it by the glass bottle or case.

OBITUARY.

At Carlisle, on Saturday night, Henry Pickrell, father of Thos. Pickrell, cashier of the Farmers' Bank, died in the 90th year of his age.

Wednesday morning, at the residence of its parents of membranous croup, the seven-months old child of George W. and Helen Wilder. Funeral services to-day at the residence by Rev. F. J. Cheek.

BOWLING BROS., the grocers on Main street between Sixth and Seventh, have disposed of their stock of groceries to a Ruddle's Mill firm and have retired from business.

Found, Pocketbook. Owner can have same by calling at News office, and proving property and paying charges.

NOTICE.

All persons holding claims against Bourbon County are hereby notified that the Court of Claims meets Thursday April 4, 1901, and they are required to file their claims in my office ten days before said date.

mar19st DENIS DUNDON, County Attorney.

MASTER'S SALE

—OF—

City Property!

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.
Joanna Hanlin's Adm., Plaintiff.
Her Heirs, Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause on the 14th day of March, 1901, I will sell publicly at the Court House door in Paris, Ky., on

Saturday, March 30,

1901, at about the hour of noon, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The lot of ground with the buildings thereon, situated in the City of Paris, Kentucky, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake in the edge of the Paris & Winchester Turnpike, corner to the Commonwealth owned by Peter Mahoney, and running thence with a line of said lot S 89 1-2 W 123 feet to an alley (10 feet wide) running through from Pleasant street, along side of the line of Jerry Barker's lot to the Paris & Winchester Turnpike or to their line, thence at right angles to Pleasant street, and with line of said alley S 89 1-2 W 102 feet and 2 inches to a stake corner in the line of said alley; thence N 80 1-2 E 116 feet to the margin of said pike; thence with the margin of said pike 105 feet to the beginning; also the right to use said alley in common with the purchasers of lots laid off by E. H. Brand, and is the same property conveyed to said Joanna Hanlin by E. H. Brand and Thomas Green and wife by deed of record in the office of the Clerk of the Bourbon County Court at Deed Book 54, page 268.

The above described property has thereon three dwellings, consisting of two cottages of three rooms each and a two-story frame dwelling of seven rooms. The said property will be offered in three parcels, each parcel containing a dwelling.

The lot next to Conghlin fronts on Tenth street 30 feet and has thereon a one-story house; the middle lot fronts on Tenth street about 45 feet and has thereon a large two-story house, and the lot adjoining the middle lot and the one nearest the L. & N. depot fronts about 30 feet on Tenth street and has thereon a small two-story house.

After offering said property in parcels, the undersigned Commissioner, said bonds to bear interest from date until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum and having the force and effect of a judgment.

This March 19th, 1901.
EMMETT M. DICKSON,
Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.
McMILLAN & TALBOT, Attys.

MASTER'S SALE
—OF—
LAND!

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.
Battie Harney, etc., Plaintiffs.
vs.
J. R. Rodgers, Guardian, etc., D'f'ts.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause on the 15th day of March, 1901, I will sell publicly at the Court House door in Paris, Kentucky, on

Saturday, March 30,

1901, at about the hour of noon, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone corner to Reynolds, thence N 2 1-4 E 9.83 poles to a stone corner to Reynolds, thence N 77 W 106.44 poles to a stone corner to Reynolds, thence S 4 1-4 W 30 poles to a stone corner to Reynolds, thence S 79 E 124 poles to the center of the pike leading from the Paris and Jackstown pike to the Cane Ridge pike and corner to lot No. 7 and 8, thence with the pike leading from the Paris and Jackstown pike to the Cane Ridge pike N 71 1-4 E 17.30 poles to Reynolds' corner in said pike, thence leaving the pike and with Reynolds' line N 81 3-4 W 18.20 to the beginning, containing 20 acres and 18 poles.

TERMS.—Said sale will be made upon a credit of six and twelve months, for which the purchaser will be required to execute bonds for equal parts of the purchase money, with good surety to be approved by the undersigned Master Commissioner and payable to himself as such Commissioner and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the day of sale. The purchaser will be allowed, if he so desires, to pay cash at any time.

March 19th, 1901.
EMMETT M. DICKSON,
Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.
HANSON PETERSON,
DENIS DUNDON, Attorneys.

FRANK & CO. New Dress Goods.

BUY EARLY.

Take the advantage of a new stock. A the new weaves, including the new silk finished Batistes, Crepe Ettamins, Poca Cloths, Drap DeAlmas, Poplins, Albatros, Venetians, &c. Largest stock of New Silks, White Goods Hamburgs, Lace and Table Linen in the city.

GIVE US A CALL

G. TUCKER'S

Are You Safe



Where you are buying your Shoes? Are you sure you are getting your money's worth? All of our Shoes are made exclusively for us, and we do not ask you high prices for them. We firmly believe we can give you better value for your money than any house in town. Look over our lines when you are ready to purchase your Spring footwear. We can suit you in style, quality and price.

CLAY'S SHOE STORE.

Cor. 4th and Main Sts., Paris, Ky.

You Do, or You Don't Need Glasses.

The eye being a rather delicate organ, great care should be exercised in the selection of proper glasses. Many believe that glasses should be restored to only when the sight becomes so defective as not to be able to do without. This is a great mistake which must be combated. Whenever there is unmistakable evidence of the need of their aid, they should be used. A neglect of this rule sometimes produces mischief which results in serious trouble if the course be persisted in. Our Dr. C. H. BOWEN having just returned from taking a special course in Optics from one of the best specialists in New York, is prepared to do the best of work, having the latest improved methods of fitting. Examinations free. Next visit Thursday, Mch. 28, 1901

A. J. WINTERS & CO., JEWELERS, Hello, 170.

BOURBON GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS, PARIS, KY.

QUALITY is the first consideration in buying a Monument. We have but one—the best. Best in material, best in workmanship, best in prices. Our work stands the test of time.

1855—Artistic Cemetery Work—1901

THE FINEST SEED WHITE OATS EVER IN PARIS.

Ordered from the Northwest, especially for Seed Purposes. Kentucky River Bottom Hemp Seed (new crop), Clover Seed, Timothy Seed. We want to rent 100 acres of first-class land to put in hemp.

CHAS. S. BRENT & BRO.

Spring Styles for 1901.

Here's your Hat Store, Gentlemen, just give us a trial.....

HOWARD STYLE. HOWARD STYLE.

We have received our Stock of Howard Hats. The best Hat ever sold in Kentucky for \$3.

Spring Neckwear in all Colors and Styles, at 25c and 50c.

PRICE & CO. CLOTHIERS.

Work in the Caisson.
It is the strain within the bowels of the working chamber, unnoticed generally while there; the change on coming into the outer air that the sand hog (the workman) dreads. Under an air pressure the blood is forced away from the extremities. It is driven from the exterior into the central organs, especially toward the brain and the spinal cord.
The man, exhausted by toil under these conditions, climbs a long ladder. He is in the airlock again, with the upper door alone closed. The lock tender jerks up the bottom door. With a twist of the valve he hushes the compressed air out. The ordinary atmosphere rushes in. The upper door is thrown up, and God's sun and air come to the prisoner. The reaction is too severe. The blood, released by the sudden vanishing of 30, 40, 50 pounds of air pressure on each square inch of the body, refuses to act normally. Heart and lungs weaken, vitality ebbs. A sand hog is never sure that the next trip may not be his last.
The practical limit below ground is 50 pounds of air pressure. The men that can work in that atmosphere are masters of their trade. Yet now and then a man is met with who has the strength to go farther.—Cromwell Childs in Leslie's Monthly.

Where the Leak Was.
Once, years ago, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state, there was an important foreign matter up for discussion before the cabinet, and the utmost secrecy was of course maintained, but the whole thing was blazoned in a few hours after the cabinet meeting. So the president hastily sent for his cabinet to talk over this leak. Each man had a different idea of it.
Finally Mr. Webster arose, saying, "You gentlemen, go on with your discussion, and I'll be back in a minute." In a few minutes he returned and repeated every word that had been spoken in the room in his absence. He explained that if, by standing close to the door outside the cabinet room, you held your ear to it, you could not distinguish one intelligible word; but if, moving back from the door and a little to one side upon a certain spot in the carpet, you kept an attentive ear, every word could be plainly heard as though whispered.
Some enterprising eavesdropper had been experimenting with the door and had found that upon that exact spot there was some acoustic property of the door or room that conveyed the sound in perfect entirety.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Modern Mother's Diary.
Tonight Clifford has said:
"Mamma, are the stars holes in the sky to let the rain through?"
I cannot sleep, such is my agitation. Clifford is nearly 5 years old, where as, according to the best pedagogical authorities, Martin Luther did not ask this question until he was 7 and Alexander the Great, in all probability, not until he was 9.
I know not what to think.
One moment I feel assured that Clifford is evincing an unaffected humor, only in the next moment to be overwhelmed by the suspicion that he is biding for newspaper notoriety merely.—Detroit Journal.

Lopped It Off.
Towne—Has he sent you a check for your services?
Brown—Yes, but it isn't for the amount I expected, although I sent him a bill.
Towne—Your writing's bad. Maybe he didn't decipher the amount.
Brown—I'm afraid he did decipher it. I wrote \$100 very plainly, and he sent \$10.—Philadelphia Press.

The Truth Forced Home.
"I'm afraid," she sighed, "that I'm getting old."
"Why?" he asked.
"When I go to the grocery now, the clerks don't nearly break their necks trying to beat one another in getting my orders."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Breaking Up the Mess.
Lasting friendships are formed in the officers' mess aboard ship in our navy, but no effort is made to keep track of a mate when he is transferred. This strikes the landsman as a queer freak of nature, but the sailors accept it as a matter of course never to be questioned. Men get into pretty close communion with each other when they breakfast, dine and sup together for three years. As a rule, they learn each other's history to the minutest detail, unless a man chooses to be disagreeable and distant. Close attachments grow up, yet when the inexorable order arrives from Washington, sending the mess to the four winds of heaven, breaking up, as it were, the family, a warm hand shake ends it all. Each officer goes into a new mess, and the old is forgotten.
It was my good fortune to be introduced to as fine a mess as ever broke bread together on a man-of-war. The devotion of the officers to one another was an inspiration. Finally the separation came. One went to some navy yard, another to the Philippines, another to China, another to Washington, etc. They were scattered all over the world. One day, meeting the lieutenant commander, who had gone up for promotion, I inquired when he had heard from Lieutenant So-and-so.
"Why, not in several months," he replied. "In fact, not since he was ordered to his new station. You know we fellows don't follow each other's movements after a mess is broken up. We form new associations, new friends, and the old drop out of sight. We never think of writing to each other. It is more than likely we shall never see each other again as long as we live, and we haven't the time or inclination to worry over each other's fate."—New York Press.

F. W. Shackleford,
Contractor and Builder.
PARIS, KY. P. O. Box, O.
Never Out of Season.

There is no time in the year when Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is not a benefit to mankind. It cures constipation and indigestion, and cures diarrhoea caused by bad condition of the digestive organs. Trial size bottles 10c, also in 50c and \$1. G. S. Varden & Co.

CLOTHING - CLEANED
THOMAS BROS.
OPPOSITE HOTEL WINDSOR.
Are prepared to promptly dye, clean press and repair clothing in a satisfactory manner at reasonable prices. They ask your patronage. nov28-1yr.

I HAVE one of the best established trades in the city from the simple fact that I run the best barber in town. Hot and cold baths always ready.
CARL CRAWFORD.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.
THEY CARRY
IN EFFECT JULY 1, 1904

WEEKLY SCHEDULE
To Washington, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, etc.
To New York, Philadelphia, etc.
To Baltimore, Washington, etc.
To New York, Philadelphia, etc.
To Baltimore, Washington, etc.

WEEKLY SCHEDULE
To Washington, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, etc.
To New York, Philadelphia, etc.
To Baltimore, Washington, etc.
To New York, Philadelphia, etc.
To Baltimore, Washington, etc.

Trains marked thus run daily except Sunday, other trains run daily.
Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.
For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on
F. E. CARR,
Agent L. & N. E. R. R., Paris, Ky.,
or GEORGE W. BARNEY,
Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

On the Government.
They were two big, burly Indians. The long eagle feather in the hat of one who is known as "chief" and the bright red ostrich tip in the sombrero of the other would have told that if the unmistakable features had not evidenced it. A government employee, it matters not who, but one who may possibly in certain events happen make a "stake" out of the tribe to which these Indians belong, was doing the honors of the capitol and showing the braves about the corridors. They left the Indian committee room and came to the door of the house restaurant.
"Let's have a bite to eat," suggested the man with the graft.
"All right," was the quick reply of the aborigines.
At the luncheon counter the one who could master the most English asked, "Guv'munt pay?"
"Oh, yes," responded the host, thinking that the quickest way to inform them that they would not have to stand good for the bill.
"Tight" grunted the brave, "We eat lot, guv'munt pay." And they did four cups of coffee each, half a dozen hard boiled eggs, three ham sandwiches, one dozen doughnuts, a whole baked chicken, ice cream, a whole pie each and besides that a thirst for frater that was absolutely appalling. The luncheon counter looked as though a cyclone might have paid it a visit by the time the Indians got through, and the bill that the "guv'munt" clerk had to foot made his weary's salary look like 10 cents.
"Guv'munt keep good," grunted the brave as he picked his teeth in true "white brother" fashion in the corridor. "We eat here again." But it will not be in company with that particular clerk.—Washington Star.

"How Soon We Are Forgotten."
A writer in a Washington newspaper, in a column devoted to instructive and entertaining chat about the capitol, expresses surprise because in the basement of the building are portraits of "worthy old gentlemen" forgotten by "nine-tenths" of the visitors to the building and wonders somewhat why Richard Montgomery, Thomas Mifflin, Charles Thomson and Francis Hopkinson should find a place in the memory of the painter and on the wall of the senate chamber.
The writer had looked in Fiske's "History of the United States" and could not find either Thomson or Hopkinson. He went to Quebec, he may find the mark to indicate where Montgomery fell while trying to capture the citadel and the house in which he died. At St. Paul's church, New York, he can find his tomb. Mifflin he can find as the president of the congress that resulted in Washington's resignation, and Thomson he will discover to have been regarded as one of the brightest men of the Revolutionary time, while he has but to look at the original Declaration of Independence to see "Fras." Hopkinson's name, one of the best known of all signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the brilliancy and variety of his accomplishments.—New York Times.

A Decisive Step.
His chum came in and found him sleeping a lock of hair into an encephalon not furiously surreptitiously, but just placing it under cover in a calm, businesslike way.
"Hello!" said the visitor. "What's up?"
"Nothing," he answered. "I'm only sending back Miss Hamilton-Highlow's hair, that's all."
"Engagement of again?"
"Yes."
"How many times does this make?"
"Five. It's final this time, though, one way or the other."
"Does she say so?"
"Oh, she always says it's final. I'm deciding things just now. It's off forever or cards out soon!"
"How do you do it?"
"Little scheme of my own. You know the color of her hair, don't you? Warm brown, with a little raw number in it. Well, this sample of hair I'm doing up is red-gold, regular, standard. I tell you we're going to get down to genuine emotion this time. She'll know whether she loves me or not, and if she does she'll walk me in by the ear."—London Mail.

A Coffee Barometer.
A cup of hot coffee is an unfailing barometer if you allow a lump of sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the air bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will either rain or snow, and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position changeable weather may be expected.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Those Boston Girls.
Carrie—That awful Tom Browne offered to kiss me.
Bertha—You don't mean it!
Carrie—No, and I told him if he did I'd slap his face.
Bertha—And what did he say to that?
Carrie—He didn't say a word. He just kissed me.
Bertha—And you slapped his face?
Carrie—No; to tell the truth, I was so flustered I forgot all about it.—Boston Transcript.

At Variance.
"There's a whole lot of difference," remarked the freckled fanatic, "in wishing you were dead and wishing you were in heaven."—Indianapolis Sun.

Yard was once any stick, rod or pole. The expression is still used with this meaning when applied to various parts of a ship's equipment, as yardarm, sail-yard and the like.

A wise man thinks before he speaks, but a fool speaks and then thinks of what he has been saying.

When you are billions, use those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers to cleanse the liver and bowels. They never gripe. W. T. Books.

G. W. DAVIS,
FURNITURE
CARPETS,
WALL PAPER, ETC.
FURNITURE FURNISHINGS
Calls for Ambulance Attended to Promptly.
Day Phone, 187. Night, 100.

SMITH & ARNSPARGER
NON-UNION AGENTS
RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE
AT LOW RATES.
5 S. BROADWAY, PARIS, KY.
(Nov 28-10)

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.
We are authorized to announce THOS. E. MOORE, Jr., as a candidate for the nomination of County Attorney of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.
We are authorized to announce H. C. SMITH as a candidate for County Judge, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR COUNTY CLERK.
We are authorized to announce Ed. D. PARSONS as a candidate for County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR SHERIFF.
We are authorized to announce WALLACE W. MITCHELL, as a candidate for Sheriff, with E. P. Clarke and James Burke as deputies, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR MAGISTRATE.
We are authorized to announce P. S. SEE as a candidate for Magistrate in the Flat Rock precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR MAGISTRATE.
We are authorized to announce LEE CRAVEN as a candidate for Magistrate in the Flat Rock precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR CONSTABLE.
We are authorized to announce JOSEPH F. WILLIAMS as a candidate for Constable of the Paris precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAILER.
We are authorized to announce ALLEN M. KIRK as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

STATE SENATOR.
We are authorized to announce CASWELL FLETCHER of Montgomery county as a candidate for State Senator from the Twenty-eighth District, composed of the counties of Clark, Bourbon and Montgomery, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce ALBERT S. THOMPSON, as a candidate for Representative of the Paris precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce Hon. Horace Miller as a candidate for the Legislature subject to the action of the Democratic party. Mr. Miller will vote for Judge J. E. Cantrell for U. S. Senator.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce WM. J. DODSON as a candidate for Representative of the Paris precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce GEORGE J. JURY as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce W. J. BOOKS as a candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce WM. J. NICKLES as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce ROBERT L. BRIDWELL as a candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce JAMES L. JAMES as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce HARRY HIEBLER, of Paris, as a candidate for Assessor of Bourbon County, with HENRY GAYWOOD, of Newburg, as deputy, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
We are authorized to announce CHAS. PEDICORD as a candidate for the office of Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party. If elected, my deputy will be W. G. McClintock.

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.
We are authorized to announce MISS NELLIE B. BEDFORD, as a candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools of Bourbon county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR MAYOR.
We are authorized to announce BENJ. PERRY as a candidate for Mayor, subject to the action of the Democratic City Primary, July 3d.

POLICE JUDGE.
We are authorized to announce G. D. WEBB, as a candidate for re-election as Police Judge, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

POLICE JUDGE.
We are authorized to announce MORRIS FETTERMAN, as a candidate for Police Judge of Paris, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

POLICE JUDGE.
We are authorized to announce JOHN J. WILLIAMS as a candidate for the office of Police Judge of Paris, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

POLICE JUDGE.
We are authorized to announce Ed. T. HINTON as a candidate for the office of Police Judge of Paris subject to the action of the Democratic party.

POLICE JUDGE.
We are authorized to announce E. B. JAMES as a candidate for the office of Police Judge of Paris, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR CORONER.
We are authorized to announce DR. H. H. ROBERTS as a candidate for Coroner, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR CORONER.
We are authorized to announce DR. WM. KENNEY as a candidate for Coroner, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Important.
For the best life insurance policy on earth, at a lower rate, and guaranteeing more than any other company on earth, call on T. Porter Smith. (10)

NEVILLE C. FISHER. JOS. E. JOHNSON.
FISHER & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.
Office on Broadway, opp. Court House.

Scrofula

THE OFFSPRING OF HEREDITARY BLOOD TAIN.

Scrofula is but a modified form of Blood Poison and Consumption. The parent who is tainted by either will see in the child the same disease manifesting itself in the form of swollen glands of the neck and throat, catarrh, weak eyes, offensive sores and abscesses and sometimes white swelling—sure signs of Scrofula. There may be no external signs for a long time, for the disease develops slowly in some cases, but the poison is in the blood and will break out at the first favorable opportunity. S. S. S. cures this wasting, destructive disease by first purifying and building up the blood and stimulating and invigorating the whole system.

J. M. Seal, 115 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn., says: "My daughter, five years ago, was afflicted with Scrofula. She had a large swelling on the side of her face became swollen and burst. One of the best doctors here and elsewhere attended her without any benefit. We decided to try S. S. S., and a few bottles cured her entirely."

S. S. S. makes new and pure blood to nourish and strengthen the body and is a positive and safe cure for Scrofula. It overcomes all forms of blood poison, whether inherited or acquired, and no remedy so thoroughly and effectively cleanses the blood. If you have any blood trouble, or your child has inherited some blood taint, take S. S. S. and get the blood in good condition and prevent the disease going further damage.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We need no charge whatever for medical advice. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

See that you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel. Beware of cheap imitations. Leave them alone. The original has the name DeWitt's upon the box and wrapper. It is a harmless and healing salve for skin diseases. Unequalled for piles. W. T. Brooks.

Like Oliver Twist, children ask for more when given One Minute Cough Cure. Mothers endorse it highly for croup. It quickly cures all coughs and colds and every throat and lung trouble. It is a specific for grippe and asthma and has long been a well known remedy for whooping cough. W. T. Brooks.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. (35-1yr)

Robert K. Watts, of Salem, Mo., writes: "I have been troubled with kidney disease for the last five years and have doctor'd with all leading physicians and have tried all remedies suggested, without relief. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and less than two bottles completely cured me and I am sound and well."—Clark & Kenner.

Prof. Livson, of Lonsacott, Md., suffered terribly from neuralgia of the stomach and indigestion for thirteen years and after all the doctors failed to cure him they fed him on morphine. A friend advised the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and after taking a few bottles of it he says, "I'm cured entirely. I can't say too much for Kodol Dyspepsia Cure." It digests what you eat. W. T. Brooks.

LA GRIPPE coughs often continue for months and sometimes lead to fatal results after the patient is supposed to have passed the danger point. Foley's Honey and Tar affords positive protection and security from these coughs.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHARLES D. WEBB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Special attention given to Collections.
Office on Broadway.

PHILIP N. FOLEY,
DENTIST,
Office in Agricultural Bank building. Can be found at office at night.

J. T. McMillan,
DENTIST,
Office, No. 2, Broadway.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Sims' Building.

WM. KENNEY, M. D.,
PRACTICIAN & SURGEON,
Office in Agricultural Bank Building.
Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
(7 to 8 p. m.)

A NEW TRAIN WEST
The "St. Louis Limited"
VIA

BIG FOUR
TO
TEXAS, KANSAS, and MISSOURI

Leave Cincinnati... 12:30 noon.
Arrive Indianapolis... 3:35 p. m.
Arrive St. Louis... 9:45 p. m.

PARLOR CARS.
MODERN COACHES.
DINING CARS.
Ask for Tickets via Big Four Route.

W. P. DEPPE, A. G. P. & T. Agt.
J. E. REEVES, Genl. Southern Agent.
Cincinnati, O.

G. O. CLARK, T. P. A., Chattanooga.

LIME!
If you want pure white lime here your orders at my office on Main street. All orders promptly attended to.
JACOB SUBWARTS.

Took It Seriously.
The late Professor Hinsdale was singularly devoid of all sense of humor, and as for slang—well, he knew far more about the dearest of dead languages than he did concerning these saucy innovations on his native tongue. There was a certain piece of legislation which was of considerable interest to the local school officials. It had been introduced into the legislature and was there hanging fire.

One day Professor Hinsdale, then school superintendent, said to Mr. Tom Whitehead, secretary of the board of education: "Mr. Secretary, what is the outlook for that special school bill now in the hands of the state legislators? Do you believe it will be adopted soon?"

The secretary shook his head in a manner that was not at all to be thoroughly discouraging and said, with a strong emphasis: "It will be a cold day when that bill is passed."

The superintendent nodded and passed on. A day or two later somebody came into his office and asked him about the prospects of the same bill.

"Well," he replied in his heavy way, "I have no personal means of knowing the status of the measure, but I have been assured emphatically by Secretary Whitehead, who may be considered an expert in securing knowledge of this character, that the bill will not pass until next winter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Public Gallows a Century Ago.
Even if the bicycle had been invented a hundred years ago touring could hardly have become very popular—at all events, for solitary cyclists. The old guidebooks were by no means cheerful reading. A run from London to East Grinstead, a distance of five or six and twenty miles, would have taken the wheelman past three gibbets, and it was just as likely as not that from one or the other of them a body would be swinging in the wind.

Up till the beginning of the nineteenth century the gallows was almost as frequent a landmark as finger posts or public houses have become now. The traveler approaching York is directed by the guidebooks to "turn round by the gallows and three windmills," and the road out of Durham is "between the gallows and Crockhill." Going out of Wells you "cross the brook and pass by the gallows."

Any number of such directions can be gleaned from the old books for the guidance of travelers a hundred years ago, and as these interesting objects were put up and the dead bodies of malefactors left upon them for the special edification of footpads and highwaymen there was a suggestive about them that must have given a special pliancy to cycle touring if it had been in vogue at that time.—London News.

Question of Ethics.
"Be truthful," said the teacher.
"Always?" asked the boy.
"Always," answered the teacher.
"Never tell a lie?"
"Never."
"Not even a white lie?"
"Not even a white lie."

"Huh!" ejaculated the lad scornfully. "It's a mighty good thing for you you ain't a boy with my dad for a father."

"Why?" asked the teacher.
"Because," replied the boy, "if you was my dad a little boy an' you'd heard what he said about Aunt Eliza comin' to visit us, you'd her children an' Aunt Eliza had asked you if you weren't all glad to see her an' you'd told the truth, like I did, you'd think there was a place where your trousers was mighty thin after dad got through with you."

He went back to his desk, and as he sat down with great care there was an expression on his face that showed the great lesson of truth had been, at least in a measure, lost on him. And in his indignation and innocence he did not appreciate the humor associated with the fact that his teacher did not belong to that division of the human race that wears trousers.—Chicago Post.

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